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THE SAME OLD ACT IN THE POLITICAL DRAMA.
Re-enter the Tammany Tiger—Exit the Beautiful Vision of Reform.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"WE ARE COMING!" sang the Republican Wideawake of war-time. "We are coming!" sang the Farmer Wideawake of 1890, as he put on his reform spectacles and took a glance around before election, and then joined the mighty throng—"seven million strong!" And now as he wipes the dew of conflict from those lenses and takes another look about him, he sees everywhere victory—"victory all along the line!"

He looks toward Pennsylvania, and he sees the downfall of Quay and Quayism. The criminal in politics has seen his day and is gone. He looks toward Illinois, and sees in the defeat of Cannon a stinging rebuke to the obscene in politics. He looks toward Ohio, and he sees McKinley deposed, put down and out in his own district, and McKinleyism put down and out with him all over this broad land. He looks toward Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, East, West, North and South, and he sees in the tremendous majority he has helped send to the next Congress an end to Reed and Reedism, to the shameful exhibition of a partisan Speaker wielding an arbitrary power to compel legislation in a house which he thanks God "has ceased to be a deliberative body." The spectacles are not powerful enough to detect a surplus in the Treasury, but they show plainly enough the holes through which it has leaked out.

The utter failure of the Republican party at the late election is to be accounted for on purely business reasons. It has simply suffered the fate that must overtake every institution that has to pay its dividends out of its capital. Ferdinand Ward tried that plan and associated with himself an honored name that brought prestige to his enterprises for a while, but was helpless to avert disaster. We see the same sort of thing in the Women's Savings Banks that promise untold profits to guileless investors, and after showing one beautiful balance sheet, collapse, when the buncoed depositors find that all the profits have accrued to the ring who induced them to trust in empty and impossible promises. And we see the same thing repeated in the political party which, doing business under an honored name, throws all its former principles to the winds, disregards the interests of its clients, and betrays the trusts that have been reposed in it.

It is not necessary to continue the parallel further. The Public is familiar enough with the story the Independent and the Democratic Press have been laying before them for the last six years. They have read it with their breakfasts, they have heard it on the street, in their business offices, in their hours of recreation. They have listened to it in their legislative assemblies, from the hustings, in their churches, on the stage, until the cry of "Reform" seemed like the emptiness of a voice with nothing behind it; like an abstract morality, with nothing practical in it. And to this voice came the answering cry of "Free Trade," which had a very dreadful and practical sound. But it was this cry that was the empty voice; and an empty voice may win one election, it may win two elections, but it can not win three elections. The people demanded proofs, positive and not negative proofs. If protection was a virtue, we could n't have too much of it, and the McKinley bill was passed to show us how good a thing it was.

But somehow the McKinley bill did n't work just as it was promised to work. Somehow it was prices that went up instead of wages. And the consumer, as he found himself paying out more and more for the necessities of life, and having less and less to spend on the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, began to ask himself, if a little more protection is such a bad thing, why would n't a little less be a good thing, and a good deal less a much better thing? This had a practical sound, and like any sensible man who finds he has gone past the place he started for, he turned back.

The patriotic citizens of the city of New York, when they turn with whatever feelings of exultation or regret from the contemplation of the state of national politics, to view the condition of municipal affairs, see less to joy in or more to grieve for. There are those even who see in the recent

triumph of Tammany only the gloomiest prospects for municipal reform, and the utter giving over of the city for at least a generation to plundering hordes. These pessimistic people are probably those who having taken an initiative and active part in the work of the People's Municipal League, are confident that what was done by that well intentioned body was absolutely the best not only that could be done, but that ever can be done in that direction.

In this view there are many who can not agree, and who find in this difference of opinion encouragement for the future. In fact, the entire movement appears to have been most artistically mismanaged throughout, and as a movement proved a mistake save only in the sentiment which inspired it. It had hardly been born before it fell into the hands of the Philistines, though it is difficult to say whether its untimely end was due most to the zealous but incompetent contingent who failed to see in Oliver Sumner Teall an unfit representative of their purposes and plans, to the professional reformers and disappointed County Democrats who jumped in to dry-nurse the suckling child, or to the disgruntled Republicans who had the little foundling forced upon their unwilling and unhelping hands. Yet had these last done their duty to their charge, sickly as it was, it would have pulled through its critical period.

The P. M. L. started out on its campaign with the rallying cry, "Politics is a Business," but showed how little it knew of politics by at once getting tangled up in an unholy alliance with the County Democrats and the Republican Machine, and how little it knew of business by nominating a number of men whom no one knew anything about—many of whom when you did find out about them, had little to recommend them as anti-political candidates.

PUCK has been opposing Tammany ever since this paper started, but it has been fighting it with a knowledge of what Tammany is, which is the only rational way to fight. It has not opposed Tammany for the good things that Tammany has accomplished, but for the evil methods by which, and for the corrupt men through whom, it has accomplished them. It is on this basis that PUCK intends to continue its fight against Tammany, and it is on this basis it believes that so un-American an institution must, sooner or later, be "knocked out." There is no other phrase which fitly characterizes the fate which awaits that organization. The cry of "Reform" did not win the fight at one election, nor at two elections in National Affairs, but it *did* win. And it will win in municipal politics, when it is uttered by men who have the reputation and the ability to carry it through without entangling alliances with organizations which only lack the opportunity to occupy Tammany's place in the public crib—and in the public estimation.



HOW HE LIKED IT.

NEW YORK WAITER.—How do you like your steak, sir?—rare?
LORD ALBERT HALL.—Ah, no; plentiful!



AT THE CHROMO-LITERARY RECEPTION.

MRS. SYMPLE (*patronizingly*).—Why, Kate! how in the world do you happen to be here among all these bright, clever people? Thought you never strayed beyond the limits of the Four Hundred.

MRS. MODE (*smiling*).—Why, Arabella, don't you know that since Mr. McAllister's book came out, no one will confess to membership in the Four Hundred? We must seek other pastures till the excitement dies away. That's one reason why I came here to-night. Another reason is my desire to meet a few bright, clever people—like yourself. Now do be obliging and tell me who all the rest of you are.

MRS. SYMPLE.—Oh, I hardly know where to begin! The rooms are filled with celebrities of every description. Whom do you see that you wish to know about?

MRS. MODE.—Who is that tall woman in the queer, limp gown?

MRS. SYMPLE.—That's the celebrated Mrs. Hopeful Squills, who goes in for Buddha and wears common-sense undergarments. She's all the rage this Winter, and I see she has quite thrown poor Mrs. Rank into the shade.

MRS. MODE.—And what are the mental qualifications of poor Mrs. Rank?

MRS. SYMPLE.—Why, have you never heard of Mrs. Rank? (*Pityingly*.) Oh! excuse me, I forgot; this is your first introduction to cultivated circles. Mrs. Rank speaks Norwegian and knows Ibsen. She will probably read one or two scenes from the "Doll's House" before the evening is over.

MRS. MODE (*in alarm*).—Good gracious!

MRS. SYMPLE.—Oh, there's that wonderful Mr. Patterji! He's a real Brahmin, and it's perfectly delightful to hear him talk. He's so learned! and can tell you everything about India and Buddha and all that sort of thing. He's perfectly elegant, and they say he's going to be converted to Christianity.

MRS. MODE.—If he's the man who sold me a smuggled camel's hair shawl last Winter—and he looks very much like him, too—the sooner he's converted to Christianity, the better it will be for the Christians.

MRS. SYMPLE.—Mercy, Kate! Mr. Patterji does n't go around selling shawls. He would scorn to do such a thing. He gives lectures on theosophy, and gets a hundred dollars apiece for them, too.

MRS. MODE.—Well, the result is the same; but who is that man with the big nose and sharp Jewish face?

MRS. SYMPLE.—That's Count Steppoff, the Russian nobleman who was such a favorite in Boston, last Winter. He's a real Count and just as fascinating as he can be. He was received in the most exclusive artistic and literary circles in Boston, and everybody went wild over him.

MRS. MODE (*perplexed*).—But there are no Jews in the Russian nobility. Surely, you must be mistaken.

MRS. SYMPLE.—Not at all. I was introduced to him last week, and everybody says he is all right. Why, he's talking to a great friend of his, Mr. Beeswax Appleworth Crib, the Boston litterateur who translates Tolstoi, and knows everything about Russia. Do you suppose he would have anything to do with a bogus Count?

MRS. MODE.—I'm sure I can't say; but tell me who that rather pretty woman, with the gold eye-glasses, is.

MRS. SYMPLE.—That's Mrs. Ketchum, who has a wonderful system of curing all diseases by locking you up in a dark room, and telling you what to think about. She's perfectly wonderful, and never eats any meat. A most interesting woman; I'm sure you'd like her.

MRS. CHASER (*the hostess, to REV. GIDEON MEALY, of the Established Church*).—So good of you to come, Mr. Mealy! To whom shall I introduce you? I'm sure there are ever so many people here whom you really ought to know. There's Dr. Higgins, who used to be a Presbyterian minister, and has lately embraced theosophy; and there's Miss Portia, who has played on the real stage, and is trying to form a Church and Stage Guild in this country; and there's Father Rooney—plain Mr. Rooney he calls himself, now—who is a converted priest and is going to get married, and there's—

THE REV. MR. MEALY.—Pardon me, but I wish to speak to an old friend of mine over there—(*makes a precipitate escape through the back parlor to the hall, and thence to the street, where he finishes his sentence*)—in Waverley Place.

MISS PAULINE PROLL MCPRAY (*poetess*).—My dear Mr. Fantail, I can not tell you how deeply you touched me by your exquisite recital of Browning last Monday. You really ought to go on the stage. With your precious gifts of voice and figure, you would win a wonderful name for yourself.

MR. FANTAIL (*Browning reader, water-color artist, poet and member in full standing of the Mutual Admiration Society, to which MISS MCPRAY belongs*).—Positively, you flatter me, Miss McPray. But how soon are we to have another volume of those divine, tender sonnets, which seem actually to throb with the essence of love and sweetness?

MISS MCPRAY.—Really, Mr. Fantail, that is too, too much to say of my poor little verses!

MRS. CHASER (*leading up COUNT STEPOFF and MR. CRIB*).—Mrs. Mode, permit me to introduce to you Count Steppoff, the Russian nobleman, who gives such delightful teas at his rooms, and is well acquainted with all the best people in Boston. And this is Mr. Beeswax Appleworth Crib, who translates Tolstoi, and has written such charming articles on modern Russian society.

(*The COUNT and MR. CRIB bow very low, and MRS. MODE surveys them with a well-bred smile of amusement.*)

MR. CRIB.—I hope you have found this little reunion agreeable, Mrs. Mode.

MRS. MODE (*sweetly*).—Very amusing, indeed, Mr. Crib.

MR. CRIB (*who knows that MRS. MODE is a great swell, and respects her accordingly*).—I am glad to hear you say that. My friend, Count Steppoff, says that it reminds him very much of St. Petersburg.

MRS. MODE (*placidly surveying the COUNT through her lorgnette*).—Indeed?

MR. CRIB.—Speak a little Russian, Count. I wish Mrs. Mode to hear what a musical language it is.

COUNT STEPOFF (*who has made his way into society with a Hebrew nose, a brass samovar, and two pounds of tea*).—Wobblety—gobblety, muggleety—puggleety—pretzel—turn vercin.

MR. CRIB (*gravely*).—I assure you, Mrs. Mode, his accent is perfect. I have translated a number of Tolstoi's books.

MRS. MODE.—Then the accent must have changed a good deal since I was in St. Petersburg, five years ago—but where is the Count?

MR. CRIB.—There he goes, and there they all go. Supper's announced. (*Joins the stampede, while MRS. MODE calls for her carriage.*)

J. L. Ford.

THE LOVERS' POST-OFFICE AND THE WANDERING ADVERTISING FIEND.



WHAT I SAY TO DAPHNE.

WHEN DAPHNE, blue-eyed and demure,
My own by all confession,
Slips on my knee, and there, secure
In undisturbed possession
Of half my waistcoat, all my heart,
And all her own delusions,
Breathes to my ear a tale whose art
Foretells its sad conclusions —
A tale of want, a tale of woe,
A back with nothing on it,
A pretty foot without a shoe,
A head without a bonnet;
And adds at last the rose-leaf touch
That's meant my doubts to smother,
I only say: "My dear, how much —
How much you're like your mother!"

SAMPLES, MOSTLY.

SINGLETON. — It's a wonder to me that more women are not robbed, when they carry their purses so openly in their hands.

DOUBLEDAY. — If you were married, and knew what they carry in those purses, you would not make such a remark.

SUCCI AND TANNER NOWHERE.

"Now, gents," said the museum lecturer, "step this way, and look at our greatest living curiosity, pronounced by eminent scientists to be the most remarkable example of human endurance now in existence."

An impressive silence reigned over all.

"This gentleman," continued the lecturer, turning to a quiet, well-dressed and self-possessed man sitting on the platform, "has succeeded in accomplishing the marvelous and superhuman feat of keeping alive for forty-one successive days on fifty-cent table d'hôte dinners."

HE WAS ENROLLED.

CITY EDITOR (to REPORTORIAL ASPIRANT). — Are you a short-hand man?

ASPIRANT. — No; but I have a long cheek. (And he was added to the staff forthwith.)

NO OBJECTION TO THAT.

MR. MUSHY. — I love you, Miss Ada.

MISS ADA MANT. — That's right. The Scriptures tell us to love our enemies.

HOPING FOR THE BEST — Diners who Tip.

RULE YOUR TONGUE.

HE HAS great command of language,
The man who talks at will;
But has n't he far greater
Who knows how to keep still?

LACONICS IN AN IMPUDENCE OFFICE.

MISS MULCAHA-HA-HY. — D' ye kape a sickin' gyurl?

MAN (in meek, low voice). — N-n-no.

MISS CAWGLIN (friend of MISS MULCAHA-HA-HA, aside, in loud voice). — Wot d' he soy? Do he kape wan?

MISS MULCAHA-HAY. — Naw.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

HIGH-PRICED DOCTOR. — You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten miles a day, sir; but your walking should have an object.

PATIENT. — All right, Doctor; I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill.

CAUTIOUS.

UNCLE SI LOW. — Ye call this rope a fier-scape, hey? What ef et burnt thru when I was a-shinnin' daown?

HALL-BOY. — Kain't help it, sah.

UNCLE SI. — Wa-al; ye kin gimme a room on the first floor. I don't want t' risk sp'ilin' your rope!

A WORM HAS been discovered which feeds on steel. There seems to be such a thing as hard eating as well as hard drinking.

MEN ARE a good deal like cheap bedsteads; the smoothly-varnished side is for public few; but the rough unplanned splinters rub up against the household wall.

THIS WORLD is like a fruit-basket. The big and attractive get on top, while the little ones are crushed out of sight in the bottom.

THE GIRL who spends some years at Boarding-School often wishes after she is married that she had gone to House-keeping-School.

FLUTE. — I wish I could get out on a toot.

GUITAR. — Well, go. There are no strings on you.

THE MULE is a great kicker, but, unlike Man, he does not kick in the direction where his grub is found.



THE CHECKING SYSTEM.

A SUGGESTION TO OUR SHOP-KEEPERS.

THE LITTLE TARIFF SUFFERER.

CASTOR AND OIL of cod,
On all that the Baby hath,
From his cunning little hood
To bay-rum for his bath;
On all of these he pays,
In his helpless infancy,
To aid the chemical trusts
In pay of the G. O. P.

They raised the duty on
All things that would do him good;
And now the Baby pines
For its lacteal fluid food.
Sugar of milk must pay
A tax specific; but then
If we don't protect the babies,
What will become of the men?



Why do the infants rage,
And wriggle and bellow out?
Is the soothing dose so dear
That Baby must go without?
Go ask the tariff men,
With the hearts and heads of flint,
Who voted the ad valorem advance
On oil of peppermint!

J. D. Miller.

THE LADY OR THE MITTEN?

JACK HUSTLE.—Will you marry me?
RITA RUSTLE.—This is so sudden—give me time.
JACK HUSTLE.—You can't afford to waste any more time.
You must be twenty-six now. Say yes, Rita.

A RISKY ROAD.

Footprints in the Sands of Time
Lead us up to Glory's doors;
But how oft me meet amongst them
Marks of tumbling on all-fours!

McKINLEY ALL RIGHT.

REPUBLICAN MERCHANT (*busily*).—Mark up those goods twenty per cent.
CLERK.—On account of the McKinley bill?
REPUBLICAN MERCHANT (*thunderously*).—No, sir! On account of the— the blizzard in Mars.



THE NEED OF A COMPARISON.

(A Western Novelette.)

MR. BLACK (*of LAST BUTT, Idaho*).—Repeat it after me:
Th' place—
MR. DE FOOT (*of the East*).—The place—
MR. BLACK.—Where you come from, Mr. Black—
MR. DE FOOT.—Where you come from, Mr. Black—
MR. BLACK.—Is th' daisiest, hustlinest spot on yearth.
MR. DE FOOT.—Is the daisiest, hustlinest spot on earth.
MR. BLACK.—That's right, an' it's lucky you said it. Ef yer had n't, I'd a killed yer deader n'—er—Last Butt.

ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

AMERICAN.—What is it the Irish want England to do?
IRISHMAN.—They wants England t' give th' Oirish th' power to goovern thimselves.
AMERICAN (*after reflection*).—Only Heaven can do that.

ALL THINGS FADE.

JACK MALLET.—Well, Willy, you seem to have the blues.
WILLY WEDGERLY.—Aw—ya-as; I'm just wearwy of everything, me boy!
JACK MALLET.—It's a pity, Willy; but it's impossible in this hard world to read even a good novel twice for the first time!

TO KILL TIME.

BLASÉ BUTTERCAKES.—Could n't yer lemme two cents to get over to Brooklyn? I'm broke.
MR. SCADDS.—What do you want to do in Brooklyn?
BLASÉ BUTTERCAKES.—Oh, borrrer enough to come back on, I guess.

A SCIENTIFIC SUCCESS.

CITIZEN.—Did the amputation do the man any good?
DOCTOR.—Oh, no! but it was a beautiful operation.

DECEPTIVE WINTER.

Now the season comes on of hoar-frost and snows,
And man goes around with a rubicund nose;
And we can not be sure, whatever we think,
If it comes from cold weather, or comes from hot drink.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

LADY (*at crowded railway station*).—Officer, I wish you'd keep an eye on that man. He looks like a pickpocket.
OFFICER.—You have made a little mistake, Madam. That gentleman is a member of Congress.
LADY.—Dear me! Is he? Well, I'll bet he voted for the McKinley bill, any how.



THOSE TIGHT SKIRTS.

MR. MANNISH.—Why don't you sit down, Louise?
MRS. MANNISH.—Madame Modeman, my dress-maker, absolutely forbade me to, with this gown on, if I wish to keep it from bagging at the knees.



THE QUEST OF THE DRAGON.

A Tale of the Decay of Chivalry.



ONE HAD EVER SEEN the Great Brass Dragon, and no one had ever returned from the quest of him. That was what, in the better days, had made the quest so attractive. But, alas! the age had grown enlightened and degenerate, and when the herald made his annual proclamation that the King's daughter would be given to the knight who should cross the desert and slay the Dragon, the eligible young men declined with thanks. For the King was growing old, and so was his daughter.

Great, therefore, was the joy at court when two brothers, of noble birth, applied for the dangerous privilege.

Sir Marmaduke, the elder, was a knight after the King's own heart. His armor was so burnished that the courtiers had to wear colored glasses when he drew near; and his charger was so powerful that it actually pranced — something which chargers, in those days of heavy armor, seldom did except when having their pictures taken. Sir Marmalade, the younger, was, on the contrary, a degenerate scion of the noble race. He had so far demeaned himself as to obtain, by stealth, a common-school education. Happily his father had never discovered this blot on his escutcheon, or his haughty heart would have been broken. Never before had one of that illustrious line been guilty of either reading or writing.

But one knight was sent forth each year, and the choice, of course, fell on Sir Marmaduke.

As he sallied forth, the King gave him his blessing, and the King's daughter wept for several moments. For, though the loss of a lover was a matter of annual occurrence, she was a tender-hearted princess, and her emotion was only strengthened by habit.

A year and a day passed, and Sir Marmaduke did not return. As the herald made his usual proclamation, Sir Marmalade made his appearance. He was on foot and wore no armor. Steel, he explained to the astonished Lord Chamberlain, is unhygienic, as it obstructs the action of the pores.

The courtiers smiled, the King scowled, the Princess turned her head disdainfully; but as no one else would take his place, Sir Marmalade was ungraciously dismissed on his quest. He politely lifted his cork helmet to the Princess, and set forth.

He carried no sword, rightly wishing to avoid any thing which might have a tendency to irritate the Dragon. He, however, filled his pockets with small coins.

"One would feel so absurd," he said, "to go on a quest, and be turned back by a toll-gate."

On the evening of the third day on the desert, he grew faint. His store of food and water was exhausted. In the distance a little mound arose, and on it was an ancient shrine. Sir Marmalade strove to reach this spot where he might lie down and die. As he drew near, he saw that he was not the first who had come hither. Many a noble adventurer had here ended his quest of the Great Brass Dragon.

But the thirst for knowledge had always been a passion with Sir Mar-

malade, and he scanned the shrine for some trace of its origin. At last he discovered this inscription, in antique text:

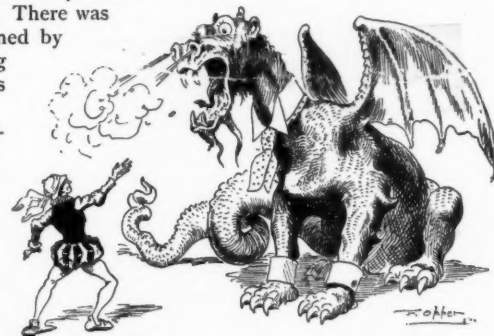
DROP A NICKEL IN THE SLOT.

A thrill of joy passed through the knight's exhausted frame.

He placed the required coin in the aperture, and a stream of cold water gushed forth. From the rear of the shrine he received a cup of beef tea and a sandwich. "How true," murmured Sir Marmalade, "are the words of my copy-book — 'Knowledge is power.' What would not my haughty predecessors have given for these results of my common-school education!"

On the morrow he replenished his stock of provisions, and resumed his journey. About noon he came to a rock near which the road forked. Sir Marmalade was in despair till he noticed a rift in the rock. Dropping a small coin therein, he was rewarded with an accurate pocket-map of "The Valley of the Great Brass Dragon and Vicinity." Henceforth his journey was comfortable, not to say luxurious. The wayside shrines, at which his forerunners had expired, he found stocked with all the little necessities and conveniences of life. On the top of the mountain, overlooking the long-sought valley, he procured an excellent opera-glass. Through it he beheld — an object of dazzling terror — the Great Brass Dragon himself. Sir Marmalade was not brave, but he was obstinate; so he approached the monster. The Dragon's mouth was open as if prepared to swallow his visitor. There was a moment of awful suspense. Then, summoning all his strength, Sir Marmalade hurled his largest coin — a silver dollar — right into the brazen throat. There was a metallic click, and then a neatly tied parcel fell into Sir Marmalade's hands. It contained one of the Dragon's teeth, to be used in testimony of the success of the Quest. There was also a document signed by the coroner, certifying that the Dragon was dead.

With these testimonials Sir Marmalade returned. On the way he met the proprietor of the Dragon, who was unlocking one of the boxes, in order to count his gains. After a brief parley, Sir Marmalade bought a controlling interest in the device, which he introduced into his own land. He was thus enabled to refuse the King's daughter, and to buy up the kingdom for himself.



S. M. C.

PLAYING IT LOW DOWN ON THE OLD MAN.



BABY MCKEE. — Ah! Grandpa's — Grandpa's hat —



— Guess I'll have some fun —



GRANDPA. — You little rascal! Can't you let Gramper have a single moment's rest?



ESCAPING THE PITFALL.

MR. PECONIC (as he steps on the horse-car switch).—I see yer, yer stay ter home sojer! I see yer; but yer did n't pull th' string hard 'nough t' lemme in that time, did yer?

BOTTOM FACTS.

"That Court House of yours is a credit to the town," remarked the stranger in Boomopolis.

"Humph!" returned the Man-who-could-n't-get-away; "if you was payin' taxes here ye'd think it was a consarned sight more of a *debit*!"

THAT WAS A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

"Why, your husband sings all day long, like a bird."

"Except when I ask for money. Then he talks short all day, like a bear."

A USEFUL ART.

"The American Institute Fair has an educational value. The useful arts are shown there in detail."

"That's so. I had my boy there the other day, learning how to blow a blue-glass yacht."

BRINGING UP THE PAST.

HEAD OF THE FIRM.—That's a pretty tough looking office-coat you are wearing around, Mr. Travers.

TRAVERS.—Yes, sir. I got this with the last raise in my salary.

A FRANK DEALER.

CUSTOMER (to CIGAR DEALER, who is in the act of handing out a five-cent cigar).—No, no! Not that kind!

CIGAR DEALER (hastily and apologetically).—Oh, I beg your pardon. You wish a good cigar.

IT NEVER does to pose as a cynic unless you are very sure that you would n't make a fool of yourself in the society you satirize.

PLAYING THE GENTLEMAN.—The Bunco Steerer.

A CORN DODGER.—The Careful Dancer.

ORDER IS heaven's first law, but earth's last realization.



FADS.

DAISY LUGGS.—Why, bless me, Amy, what new fad is this? Your sleeves are rolled up, and you're covered with flour!

AMY HAMONEG.—Oddest fad in the world, my dear; I've taken a notion to help my mother in the kitchen!

A LITTLE FABLE.

The Irishman and the Duck.

There was once an Irishman who, upon seeing a brood of Ducks with a Hen for a Mother, said: "Sure it's a poor Rule that won't Wur-r-ruk Both Ways." So he Went Home and put a setting of Chicken Eggs under a Duck. When they were Hatched, the Mother Duck proceeded to the Pond for a swim. The Chicks, instead of worrying on the shore for their Mother's safety, as the Mother Hen did for the Ducklings in the Pool, jumped bravely in, and were Drowned.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that only an Irishman would set Chicken Eggs under a Duck.

PRIDE.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE.—Good morning, Deacon; that black suit of yours is beginning to look pretty rusty, and if you'll call at my house to-night, I'll give you one that I wore last year.

UNCLE PETE.—Thank 'ee, sah, thank 'ee; but this one hab done me fo' the las' fifteen yeahs nicely, sah; an' I doan' keer to change it fo' any old clo's, sah!

A WHOLESALE COLLECTOR.

SEEDY PARTY.—Be you the lady, Ma'am, wot advertised for a lost dog?

MRS. BLEWSKI.—Yes; but that is n't the one.

SEEDY PARTY.—Oh, that's all right, Ma'am; he's only one o' my samples. Wot's the reward?



IN. CHICAGO.

MERCHANT (to PROSPECTIVE ERRAND BOY).—Do you live with your father? PROSPECTIVE ERRAND BOY.—I live with me step-father. MERCHANT.—Oh, your mother has been married twice! PROSPECTIVE ERRAND BOY.—Yes, sir; twice, goin' on three times.

you know; you always have some mucilage I can borrow, in case they don't stick.

SOCIETY AS IT LEFT ME.

By W. MCA.

PERHAPS I HAD N'T ought to feel
A thrill of satisfaction
That literature has welcomed me
To bask in its attraction,

When members of that social group—
Quadruple centenary—
Ain't boasting of their cherished chief,
And of their praise are chary.

The critics, too, jump on my neck,
Or arrows at me hurtle;
But, bless me, which of them whom knows
Live lobster from green turtle?

What though my language suffers from
Grammatical prostration,
There ain't no man can better give
The latest salutation,

Nor learn his friends what is correct
In etiquette's demeanor,
From morning calls to evening dress,
Or treat his foes serener.

So, Lindley Murray, you may go
With "Public" to perdition;
My publishers, as well as me,
Are wild with each edition.

The book that sells is what I want,
Though literators skin it,
And I have struck good paying ore,
The fact is, I am "in it."

J. B. Alden.



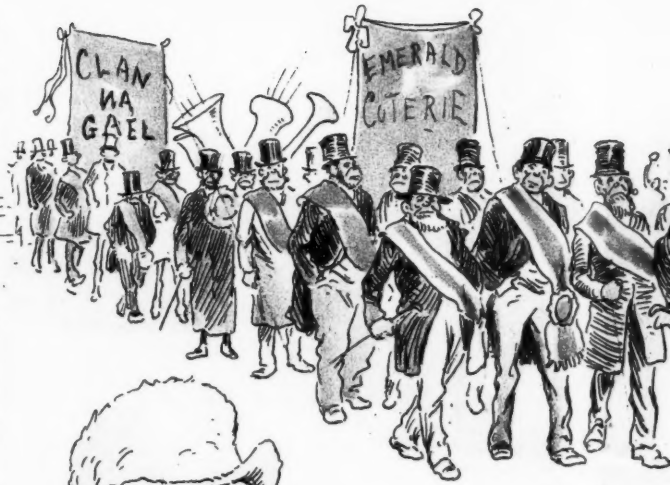
Irish Kitchen Tyrants.



Irish Law-Makers.



Irish Squatters.



UNCLE SAM.—I'm willing to relieve Ireland from the but who's going to relieve me from Ireland?

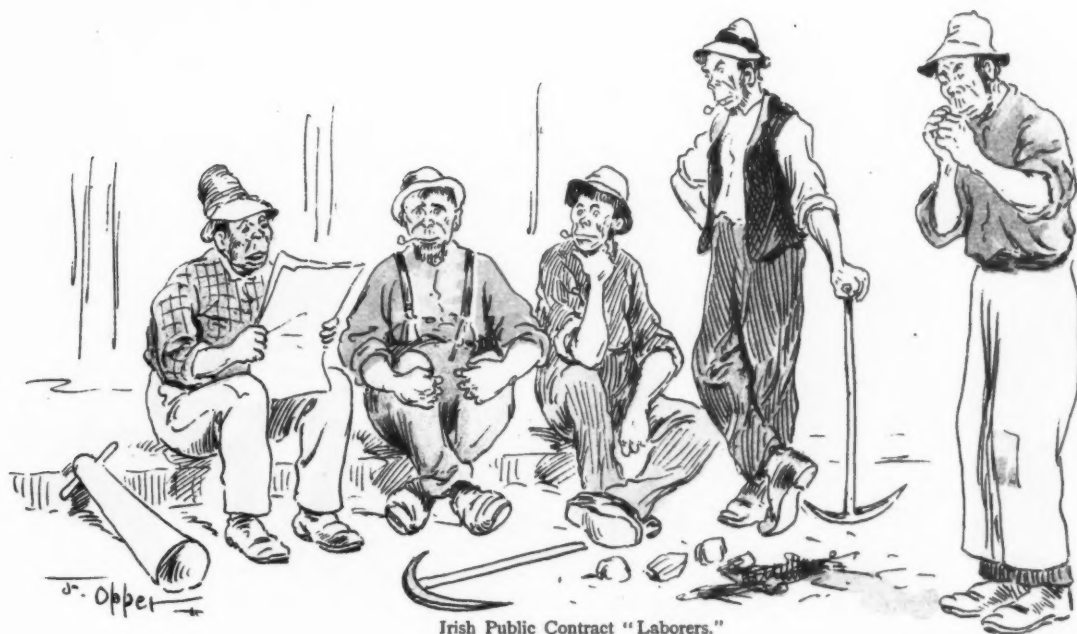
OUR "DEAR"



Irish Traffic-Obstructing Processions.



Irish Groceries.



Irish Public Contract "Laborers."

Ireland from the famine;
and?

"DEAR" IRISH.

ACROSS THE RANCH; or, chronicles of a Tenderfoot.

IV.

Called too Soon.

"I WISH I were worth a couple of millions more than I am," said the growling passenger, as we journeyed westward on the Missouri Pacific Day Express, "so that I could endow an institution in which the men who are paid to walk about in Union Depots and give notice of the departure of trains could be taught to use intelligible language. I am a plain, ordinary person, unfamiliar with all the deceased tongues and some of the living ones, and I am not prepared to say whether railway-depot criers commonly cry in pure Cream of Tartar, or in a cross between Choctaw and Pennsylvania Dutch. I can not afford to take an interpreter with me when I travel, therefore I listen to the railway-depot crier with feelings of awe; but I learn nothing from him about the departure of trains. But there is one exception I want to call your attention to. There is a crier in the Union Depot at Cincinnati who announces the departure of trains in plain English. I did not learn whether or not he had been doing it long, or if he feared it would in time prove fatal; it was enough to hear him do it, and I went away wishing I could make him chief professor in an institution for the instruction of depot-criers who can't or won't speak as plain English as an asthmatic jackass with no front teeth."

The twin passengers with the whooping-cough lifted up their voices and yelled.

"I've always thought that old Herod must have made a journey by rail just before he issued his famous order," grumbled the growling passenger.

"They ought to run a baby-car on all through trains," added the young funny passenger.

"Ain't *this* car good enough for *you*?" retorted the mother of the twin passengers, in a voice intended for the entire congregation.

"Jefferson City! Twenty minutes for dinner!" cried the brakeman; and the funny young passenger disappeared.

You remember, no doubt, that during the late fight between Jay Gould's Missouri Pacific Railroad and the Knights of Labor, I was on the side of the railroad. I thought the railroad was right; but that was when I did not know that soulless corporation as well as I do now.

An incident occurred at Jefferson City which has made me an enemy of the Missouri Pacific until its highest official offers me a suitable apology.

I was trying to eat a seventy-five cent dinner in twenty minutes at the eating-station which enjoys the patronage of the railroad. I had allowed myself fifteen minutes for the more substantial things of an eating-house table, and the last five minutes for pie.

When I decided to close the services with pie I ordered it, so that it might be at hand when I was ready for it.

At the end of fifteen and one-half minutes I looked at my pie and smiled, with the original and open smile I usually wear when I look a pie full in the face, and at that very moment, the conductor, a base minion of that soulless corporation, yelled: "All aboard!" And the locomotive-bell went: "Clang-alang-a-lang."

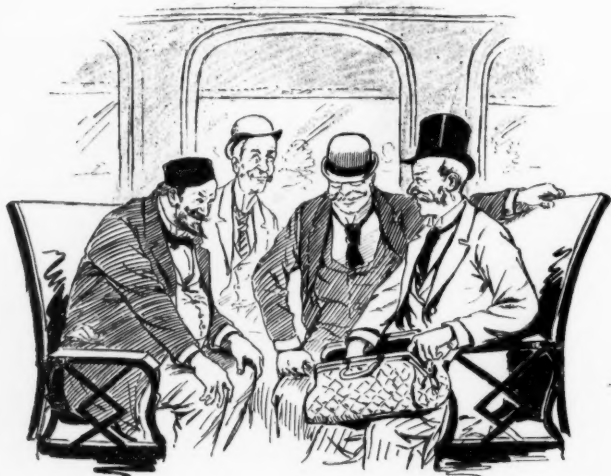
I hurried out of the eating-house a changed man. The corporation that tells me I have twenty minutes in which to fill up an aching void at a railroad restaurant, and then chokes me off at the end of fifteen minutes, and robs me of sweet moments with pie—pie that I have paid for and have had within my reach—need not come to me

for sympathy in its hours of strikes and boycotts.

Until further notice, my sympathy shop is closed seven days in the week to all soulless corporations who would trample under foot the dearest right of a poor, thin, defenseless invalid.

Scott Way.

A CHANGE IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES.



LEWISON (*off on a trip*).—I packed my grip in the dark, this morning, boys, but there's one article I never forget. Will you join me in—



—Thunder! that's the only one the baby has!!

A POINTER.



'POSE A GIRL believes
she loves you,
And you think so,
too.
When it's only youth,
and Summer,
Stars and morning-
dew!

If it's but a dear
illusion

That her bright eyes see,
Listen, and you'll hear a whisper:
"Ah! how he loves me!"

But if her heart is truly given,
Not in caprice or whim,
You'll find the whisper sounds like this:
"Oh! how I love him!" L.

HINTS TO EDUCATORS.

Dry books can not be expected to satisfy a
thirst for knowledge.

GRATIFIED AMBITION.

"This is the buffet car, sah."

"Ah! I've always wanted to see a real chew-
chew car."

PLAINLY NOT.

"No; Shakspeare never repeats."

"Yes; I've noticed it in his autograph."

A GENIUS is a person whom Nature lets in
on the ground floor, and whom circum-
stances force to live in an attic.

PROFESSOR.—Who was Sidonius?

STUDENT.—There were several of that name.

PROFESSOR.—I mean the writer of history and
of elegies.

STUDENT.—Oh, that was Sidonius Apollinaris.
His second name was conferred upon him because
he was a poet of the first water.

[IF CUPID would drop his bow and arrows and get
a gun, we might hear of more love-matches.



AT THE WRONG DOOR.

WANDERING WILLY.—Could n't you please
let me have some cold wittles, Ma'am?

MRS. HUSSEY.—Cold victuals! Do you
think that this is a delicatessen store?

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a
guarantee of its excellence.

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A BOTTLE OF

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of Denver or west of New York. Suit-
able for presents. Sample orders so-
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212 State St., Chicago.



The Century Magazine in 1891.

The recent remarkable serial suc-
cesses of this magazine,—the famous
War Papers, Kennan's Siberian Arti-
cles, and the Life of Lincoln,—will be
continued in the coming volume (the
forty-first) by "The Gold Hunters of
California," a series of separate illus-
trated papers on the gold fever of '49,
telling of the discovery of gold, the
movement to California (by survivors
of various expeditions), life in the
mines, the Vigilance Committees (by
the chairman of both committees),
and many other incidents of that ex-
citing period, including a paper by
General Frémont.

Another notable feature will be the
publication of extracts from advance
sheets of the Talleyrand Memoirs soon
to be issued in book-form in Paris,
the manuscript of which has been
secretly preserved for more than half
a century,—to be printed first in an
American magazine.

Other interesting serials include
"An American in Tibet," papers
describing a remarkable journey, 700

miles of which was over ground never
before traveled by a white man; "Per-
sonal Traits of Lincoln," by his private
secretaries, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay;
"Adventures of War Prisoners," ex-
periences of Union and Confederate
soldiers during the civil war; "Ameri-
can Newspapers," described by noted
journalists; "American and English
Frigates in the War of 1812"; "In-
dian Fights and Fighters," by officers
who served with Custer, Mackenzie,
Crook and Miles; "The Court of the
Czar Nicholas," by an ex-minister to
Russia; suggestive papers on the Gov-
ernment of Cities; a series of engrav-
ings of noted pictures by American
Artists; the "Present-Day Papers,"
by Bishop Potter, Seth Low, and others.
Fiction includes "The Faith Doctor,"
a serial novel of New-York life by
Edward Eggleston; "The Squirrel
Inn" by Frank R. Stockton, and novel-
ettes and short stories by nearly all
the leading writers, Joel Chandler
Harris, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Bran-
der Matthews and many others.

The November Number,

which begins the new volume, contains opening chapters of several important serials, including General
John Bidwell's account of "The First Emigrant Train to California" (1841), "An American in Tibet,"
"Early Victories of the American Navy," and "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," a delightful illustrated
novelette by F. Hopkinson Smith. Also "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln" by Col.
John Hay, "On the Andersonville Circuit" by an ex-Union prisoner, "How London is Governed,"
"The Printing of THE CENTURY," two complete stories, etc. Nearly one hundred illustrations. Ready
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AGASSIZ SAID OF CORONADO BEACH, SAN DIEGO CO., CALIFORNIA: "A CLIMATE THAT HAS NO EQUAL." WRITE TO E. S. BABCOCK, JR., FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET. 97

THOSE TERRIBLE RUSSIAN WORDS.
BRONSON.—Did you hear of the sad fate of poor Offaloffski, the Russian?
JOHNSON.—No; what was it?
BRONSON.—He got into an altercation with a fellow countryman, and the other fellow pulled out a revolver and made Offaloffski eat his words. It killed him.—*Light.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. 133

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IN THE recent midsummer number of a series of tales under the general title "Read while the Candle Burns," which earlier ventures in fiction. They suggest Guy de Maupassant of Mr. Bunner's tales Maupassant are French.



PUCK, Mr. H. C. Bunner has begun of "Short Sixes; Stories to be bid fair to be as successful as his have a humor and a condensation, while the color and is as American as those of

—The Critic.



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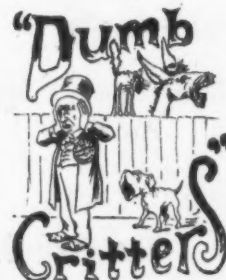
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Every Crop in itself is a host,
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But of all these Budgets of mirth and jest,
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It contains not a thing that's in "One," "Two" or "Three."
It's as bright as the dew on the creamy tea-rose,
And as fresh as an infant's uncolicked repose.
If your mind is depressed, and your feelings are blue,

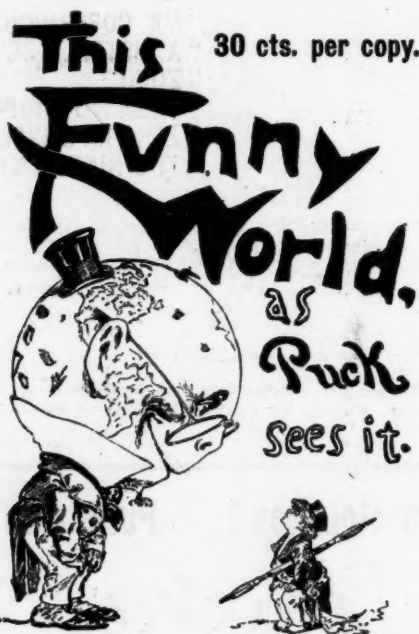
And you feel as worn-out as an old broken shoe,
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Do you want to laugh? To laugh real hard? Very, very hard? Hard enough to cure that attack of indigestion?
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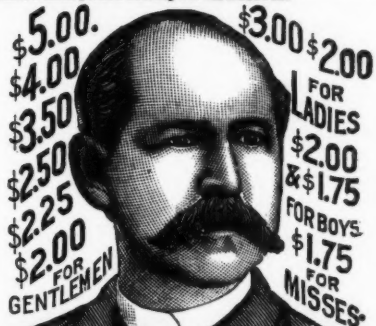
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Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."
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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

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BUDGINS (about to get his life insured).—Now, what kind of policy would you advise?
BLINKINS.—Well, I've always heard honesty very highly recommended.—*Boston Post.*

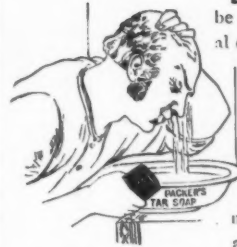
A GOOD RULE.

TOM.—We always ought to look pleasant.
JACK.—That's so. We can't tell who may have a camera concealed about him ready to catch you.—*Epoch.*

BACON.—I saw Crimzonbeak on the corner just now devouring those circus posters.
YEAST.—He must be as full as a goat by this time, then.—*Vonkers Statesman.*

THE honest workman works all the day, and the walking delegate works all the Nights.—*Vonkers Statesman.*

The people's preference—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.—Why? Because it never disappoints.
For nervous affections, such as neuralgia, sciatica, &c., Salvation Oil is without a peer.



"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in BALDNESS."

"The persistence of ITCHING is peace-deströying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a SHAMPOO with

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It is pure, mild, curative, and the ideal toilet soap. Physicians recommend its use as a preventive of, and remedy for dandruff, itching, baldness, and skin diseases. Invaluable to travelers. 25 cents. All Druggists, or THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N.Y.
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Is it true? We certainly do not intentionally misrepresent matters. Thousands upon thousands are using it—who used other kinds before we introduced it—and they say it excels any they have used, and are strong in their expressions of praise of it.

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An examination of the beautiful case (leatherette cover, gold-lacquered interior) and of the delicate rose-scented, cream-colored soap, and an application of the delicious, cream-like lather upon your face, will enable you to judge. Will you make this examination?



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Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

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STOMACH BITTERS,
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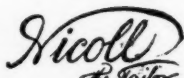
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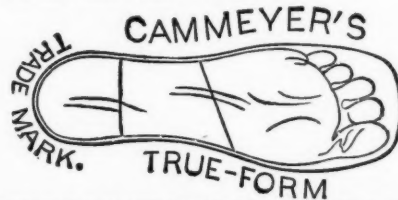
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SPARKLING AND STILL
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And all Kidney complaints.

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A Compendium or book of useful information, describing every article required by Bands and Drum Corps, 400 illustrations of Band Instruments, Trimmings, etc., giving lessons and By-laws for Amateur Bands, Drum Majors' Tactics and a select list of Band Music.



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ONE OF THE THINGS WE ARE APT TO GRUMBLE AT IN FRANCE,

The providing of ones own soap at hotels!
Permit me to remark that this is one of those things

THEY DO MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE than we do here. I am strongly of opinion that every one when travelling should carry his or her own soap as one takes ones own hair-brush or sponge. It is much more cleanly, and there can be no better providing in this respect for the hot sun and warm winds and dust of travel than a cake of

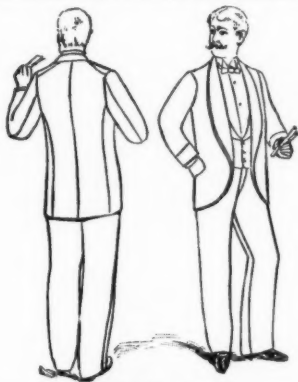
"PEARS"

which, under such circumstances, I have found very efficient in the prevention of sunburn and allied annoyances.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Lecturer on Health and Physiology under the "Combe Trust;" Editor of "Health."



TUXEDO COAT,

FOR EVENING DRESS WEAR, IS THE PREVAILING STYLE, AND BECOMING SLENDER OR CORPULENT FIGURES.

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A DISTINCTION.

He was running to catch a train.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Standard or town time?"

"Railroad time, you fool." — Exchange.

AT PRINCETON.

SHE.—And so you graduated this year?

HE.—Yes.

SHE.—And you are never coming back?

HE.—Oh, yes, indeed!—that is to say,—you see,—I—I play foot-ball.—Ex.

MODERN CONVENIENCES.

LITTLE GIRL (in church).—Why does so many people put those little envelopes on th' contribution plate?

LITTLE BOY.—Them's to keep the pennies from makin' so much noise.—New York Weekly.

ONE WAY.

"Where is the Doctor, and what is he doing?"

"He's reading over his sermon of the morrow, to acquire fluency in its production."

"Oh, I see! A kind of 'practising-what-he-preaches' system."—Harvard Lampoon.

TWO WAYS.

FIRST LITTLE BOY.—I know how they find out the population. They take th' city directory, and multiply by three.

SECOND LITTLE BOY.—No, they don't. They take the last census and multiply by two.—Ex.

Where are Musical Instruments Made!

It may surprise our readers to know that in the line of small musical instruments, the factory of Lyon & Healy, of Chicago, turns out a greater variety and finer quality of goods than any other factory of its kind in existence. They have just celebrated the 26th anniversary of their start in business by moving into the finest, largest, and best equipped plant of its kind in the world. The cost of the buildings, machinery, etc., aggregating a total of not less than \$200,000. They manufacture the finest, as well as the cheaper grades, of guitars, mandolins, banjos, drums, zithers, harps, etc., and in addition to these are now making high grade parlor and church organs, the flattering demand for which, more than anything else, compelled them to secure their present new and commodious factory. Their yearly output of the smaller instruments runs into the hundreds of thousands, and they are distributed to all quarters of the globe. Messrs Lyon & Healy are regular advertisers with us, and if you are in need of anything in the musical instrument line, it will pay you to read their advertisement on another page and write them for a catalogue.



Unequalled for Delicacy of Flavor and Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested. Different from all other Cocos.

WAGING WAR ON COFFEE.

Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, says that the inebriety of coffee, if not as dangerous to others may be as harmful to its subjects as alcoholism; and there is little dispute of the fact that in the high nerve tension American make-up, tea and coffee become so harmfully and habitually necessary, as to render their frequent use dangerous, as tending to drive the physical machinery faster than it was intended to run, thus causing incalculable wear and tear. Of late there has grown up a far more rational, because healthful custom, that of cocoa drinking. This custom has been largely brought about by the introduction into this country of that incomparable product of the cocoa bean, Van Houten's Cocoa. This cocoa is almost absolutely nutritious and strengthening to the nervous system. Gently stimulating, it aids digestion and all the flesh forming functions, and is particularly adapted for the nervous and dyspeptic. Van Houten's Cocoa has a world-wide reputation as being superior to anything of the kind manufactured.



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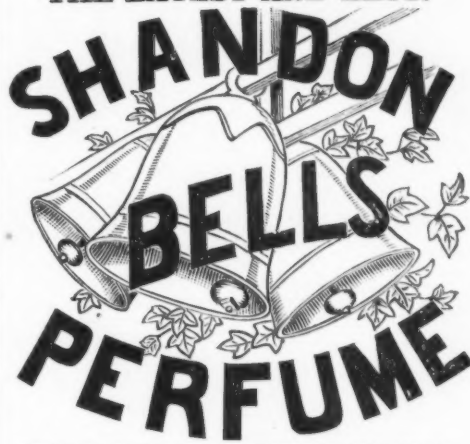
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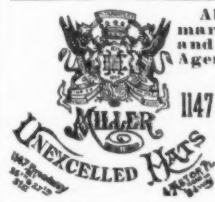
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SAVE FROM 20 TO 50 PER cent. on Oriental Rugs and Embroideries by purchasing of us. We carry a full line, to which additions are constantly made by direct importations.

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BROCADED SILKS AND SATINS.

White Faille, Satin and Veloutine for Wedding Dress.

Plain and Brocaded Veloutines.

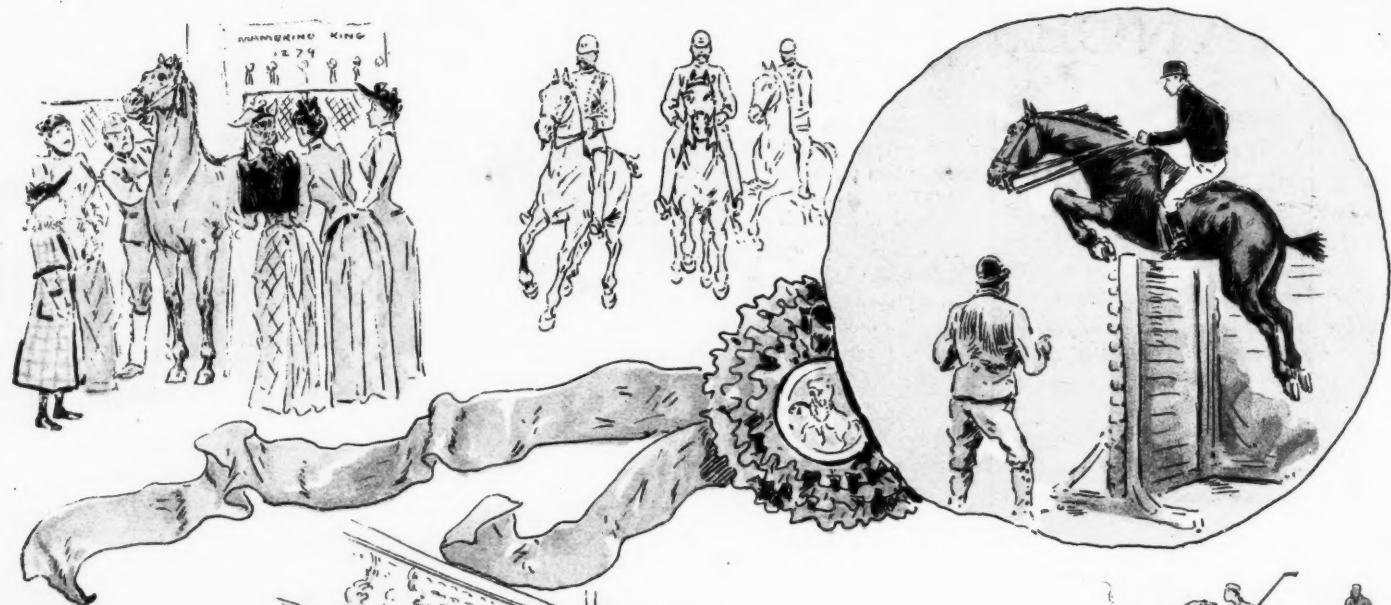
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Grenadine and Gaze.

THE LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

LYONS VELVETS, Plain and Fancy.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.



THE HORSE-SHOW OF '90.

Oh, who's for the Horse-Show, the talk of the town,
That is held in the building of yellowish brown?
There were Horse-Shows aforetime, and Horse-
Shows will be;

But never a Horse-Show like this did we see.
For it leaves all the others behind it as far
As the Fenwicks were left by the Young Lochinvar.

There's a mighty high jump, and a record to break—
And the world has no fences that horse will not take—
And tender eyes sparkle, and soft bosoms beat
As the rider slips nervously into his seat.
Up—and over! The men are too hushed to hurrah—
But a thousand McAllister maidens say "A-A-A-A!"

See the hansom's all drawn up in gorgeous array—
A true British idea, in a miniature way.
And into the ring rides the gay sparrow cop—
The crowd is all still—you could hear a pin drop—
He is going—this noble and venturesome man—
To catch a wild runaway horse—if he can.

But the best to New Yorkers of all of the show
Is to see the fire-laddies hitch up and let go.
Clang, clang! goes the gong—there's a feminine
scream—

"My gracious! so soon! Why, it's just like a
dream!"

And now for the stables, to make things complete—
The luxurious labyrinth under our feet.

Then who's for the Horse-Show, the talk of the town?
Why, every good cit, from McAllister down
(Or up to the butcher-boy driving his cart—
We're all for the Horse-Show, with all of our heart—
Poor and rich, proud and humble, the fine and the coarse,
For he's no sort of man who don't care to "talk horse!"

